Chapter 301: The Vanguard’s Wrath

The silence of the Absolute Realm was shattered as a storm of power erupted from Umbra Citadel. Sung Jin-Woo, now fully aware of the existential threat looming over the multiverse, had made his decision. The time for passive defense had passed. The moment had come for him to launch a counter-offensive—an all-out strike against the Eternals and the Harbingers.

With a surge of divine energy, his wings spread wide, casting a shadow that seemed to swallow the very light of the realm. The twelve wings of the Absolute One glistened with raw, unfathomable power, each feather radiating a divine aura that bent reality around him. His dark silver adamantine armor gleamed with the brightness of stars, and his seven-horned golden mask-helmet emanated an aura of pure dominance.

Sung Jin-Woo had never been more ready for this moment.

The First Strike

With a thought, he opened a rift to the Eternal Domain, where the Eternals had gathered. Their stronghold stood tall, a cosmic fortress floating among the fabric of the universe, an impenetrable bastion of willpower and endless energy.

But even the most fortified defense was nothing in the face of Sung Jin-Woo’s might.

He descended from the rift like a storm. As his feet touched the ground, the entire dimension trembled beneath him. The Eternals, guardians of the multiverse, the very essence of existence, turned their gazes upon him, their power flaring in defiance.

But Sung Jin-Woo’s power eclipsed them all.

"Your reign ends now," Sung Jin-Woo’s voice echoed across the realm, the words alone carrying the weight of fate. His voice was an unstoppable force, one that caused the very laws of reality to tremble in fear.

The Eternals attempted to retaliate, summoning their armies and unleashing their most potent abilities. But it was all futile. Sung Jin-Woo emitted a burst of Breath of Death, a wave of energy so devastating that it obliterated everything in its path. The very fabric of the dimension began to crumble as the Eternals and their forces were consumed by the dark energy. No one could withstand the Absolute One's wrath.

The destruction was swift, and as the final remnants of the Eternals fell, Sung Jin-Woo stood amidst the ruins, his power radiating in a blinding light. With a wave of his hand, the essences, goods, corpses, and extracted shadows of the fallen Eternals and Harbingers gathered before him, merging into his being like a flood of divine energy.

The Harbingers' Fall

The Harbingers of Infinity, sensing the threat, had arrived on the battlefield to confront the Absolute One. They were ancient entities, beings beyond the understanding of most. They had seen countless realities burn and rebuild, but they had never seen someone like Sung Jin-Woo.

With the precision of a master, Sung Jin-Woo unleashed a second Breath of Death, targeting the Harbingers directly. The immense energy ripped through the very core of their existence. The Harbingers, who once believed themselves to be untouchable, fell one by one, their divine essences ripped away and absorbed by the Absolute One.

Like clockwork, Sung Jin-Woo continued his methodical destruction, collecting the remnants of these beings and adding them to his ever-growing power.

A Monumental Victory

When the last of the Eternals and Harbingers had been defeated, Sung Jin-Woo stood alone in the aftermath, the battlefield littered with the corpses of gods and cosmic beings. Yet, he showed no sign of satisfaction—only the certainty that this victory was only a single step in an eternal war.

Without hesitation, he summoned a portal back to Umbra Citadel, carrying with him the essences, goods, corpses, and extracted shadows of his fallen enemies. As he crossed the threshold into his citadel, he felt the power surge within him—each victory adding to his strength, each essence fueling his growth.

The Return to Umbra Citadel

In Umbra Citadel, the once bustling halls were now eerily quiet, the air thick with the power Sung Jin-Woo had gathered. He ascended the stairs to his throne, the echoes of his footsteps reverberating through the vast chamber.

His twelve wings folded behind him as he took his seat. The dark silver armor gleamed in the dim light, and his seven-horned mask-helmet radiated a cold, commanding presence.

"All that remains is to wait," he mused, his voice low but resolute. He had taken down the Eternals and the Harbingers, but the battle was far from over. New forces would rise to challenge him, but he was prepared.

With a thought, he sent his clones to their respective realms, ensuring that the Abyss, Void, and other dimensions remained under his watchful eye. There was no retreat, no rest. Sung Jin-Woo had become the Absolute One, and it was his duty to protect the multiverse from all that threatened it.

But for now, as he surveyed his kingdom, there was a brief moment of peace. Sung Jin-Woo had proven once again that no force, no matter how powerful, could stand against the might of the Absolute One.